$1.00 " year

JANUARY, 1948

The Liberalist

PUBLISHED BY THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light:
The year is dying in the night;
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

. . . . .

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
For those that here we see no more:
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
Ring in redress to all mankind.

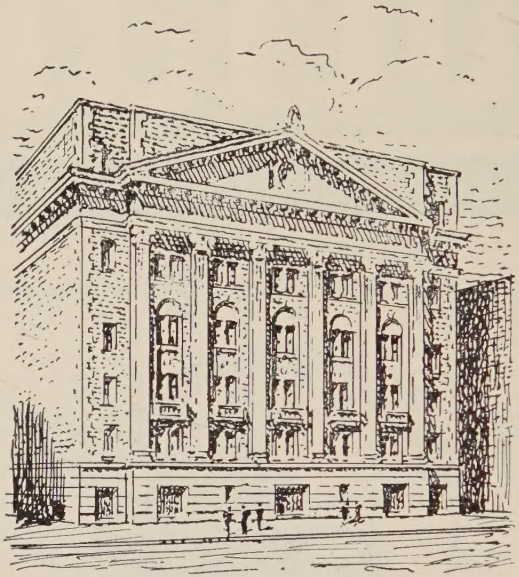
. . . . .

Ring out old shapes of foul disease,
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold:
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

. . . . .

Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand:
Ring out the darkness of the land;
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

From Tennyson's Poem "In Memoriam:"



THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

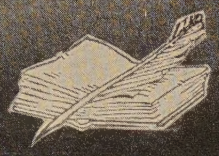
Lawrence Ave. at Sheridan Road

This Church was founded July 7, 1912, as a liberal independent church. It united with the American Unitarian Association, Western Unitarian Conference and National Federation of Religious Liberals in 1923. Property purchased for new building 1924. Ground broken June 14, 1925. Corner stone laid November 15, 1925. Church dedicated October 10, 1926. Preston Bradley has been the Pastor from the beginning of the Church.

Declaration of Principles

"The purpose of the church is to deal in plain terms with the supreme things in human life as measured by the rational conclusions of science and history. It seeks to promote a conception of nature, history and the meaning of life in accordance with the facts of experience and with the progress of growing knowledge. It is essentially religious, not in the traditional but in the scientific and ethical sense of the word. It regards religion as spiritual energy directing itself toward the enrichment of the individual life and the perfection of the social order. This church assumes the right of every one to think his or her own thoughts, and expects the greatest progress to follow from entire intellectual liberty and perfect freedom of judgment. It welcomes to its membership all who wish to co-operate in making a world which shall be enlightened by knowledge, guided by reason and animated by good-will."

The Liberalist
PRESTON BRADLEY, Editor
GRACE THAYER BRADLEY, Associate Editor



Volume XXIV **January, 1948** *Number 10*

PRAYER

Bless Thou this year, O Lord!
Make rich its days
With health, and work, and prayer, and praise,
And helpful ministry
To needy folk.
Speak Thy soft word
In cloudy days;
Nor let us think ourselves forgot
When common lot
Of sorrow hems us round.
Let generous impulse shame the niggard dole
That dwarfs the soul.
May no one fail his share of work
Through selfish thought;
Each day fulfill Thy holy will
In yielded lives,
And still the tumult
Of desires
Debased.
May faith, and hope, and love,
Increase.
Bless Thou this year, O Lord!

A. S. C. Clarke

THE PEOPLES CHURCH

Lawrence Ave. at Sheridan Rd.

SUNDAY MORNING SERVICE (Broadcast by WJJD) . . . 11:00 a.m.
SUNDAY EVENING SERVICE (Not Broadcast) . . . . . 7:30 p.m.
CHURCH SCHOOL in Anderson Hall . . . . . 9:30 a.m.
WEDNESDAY EVENING BOOK LECTURES . . . . . 8:00 p.m.

* * *

JANUARY BOOKS

January 7—"THE PRECIOUS SECRET"—Fulton Oursler
January 14—"DOCTOR FREUD"—Emil Ludwig
January 21—"SO DEAR TO MY HEART"—Sterling North
January 28—"CONTINENTAL JOURNEY"—Leo A. Lerner

* * *

HEAR DR. BRADLEY'S BROADCASTS

WGN—Every night, Monday through Friday, 6 p.m.
WJJD—Every Sunday from 11 a.m. to 12:30 p.m.

* * *

CHURCH PUBLICATIONS

"THE LIBERALIST"—a monthly magazine, published the first of each month. Twelve-months' subscription, $1; single copies, 15c.

"THE DIAL"—a monthly church paper, published the fifteenth of each month. Twelve-months' subscription, 50c; single copies, 5c.

MEDITATION

Dear Father and Heart of Love and Life, we are so grateful that we have the inner evidence, the testimony written upon the tablets of our hearts, that there is no cold, no barrier, nor anything that can separate us from the warmth and beauty of Thy love. This we have demonstrated a thousand times. So we are grateful that while the rest-time of the year has come for field and forest, and tree and shrub and bulb—for that is what winter is, rest-time for Nature—and now that winter has come upon us, and the cold and the winter chills our bodies, we are so grateful that there is a warmth and a love that protects our souls from ever being chilled. And so, to all people everywhere, may the warmth of the love of God come into all our hearts. Wherever the cold blasts of death have come and hearts are sad, might they hear the words of the resurrection and the life—always life! Wherever pain racks and hurts, might it be quieted by Thy love. Wherever misunderstanding is, and envy and jealousy; wherever there is anything that will hurt and scar and mar the beauty of love and life, might it all be dissipated this moment by Thy presence. Take every heart, and let the spirit of Love and Peace and of Healing be manifest. We wait for Thy presence.

"SINGING IN THE STORM"

SERMON BY DR. PRESTON BRADLEY
Pastor of the Peoples Church of Chicago
November 30, 1947

IN mid-summer I was invited by the Association of Churches in Springfield to come down there on a Sunday afternoon and speak at a vesper service of all the churches of Springfield. They held it outside in a park, a service for everyone in the city. Well, on that Sunday I met a gentleman who had been invited to offer the prayer preceding my sermon. He was a Negro minister, and a very fine minister. He had a very excellent diction and a scholarly approach and he was invited to give the prayer. We all went into the pulpit together, a temporarily constructed pulpit there, and after the affair was over, I was so interested in the spirit of his prayer and in the obvious grasp and understanding which he had of what constitutes true prayer that I spoke to him about it. His prayer was most unusual. Of course, praying is an art. His prayer was not directed to me or to the people who were hearing it. I sometimes think that interferes with the value of true prayer. So often prayers are given as though they were to be heard by the people present and not by God. That is why silent prayer is much more effective than spoken prayer. But I said to him, "I was tremendously impressed with the spirit of your prayer, with its optimism and hope." You know, in talking with colored people, we often think of them as a "minority" race . . . of course, the colored people do not belong to the "minority" race at all; we of the white race are the "minority" race. There are more colored people in the world than white people; the white people are the "minority" people, not the colored people. And I said to him, "Knowing some of the conditions and

the difficulties and ignorance and immoralities, the lynchings and the Jim Crow practices, and all these things that exist in certain parts of the country against your people, I just wonder how you can keep so vibrant and hopeful." There was not a bit of bitterness in him, and there was not any effort to solve the thing by force or hate or law. I don't think those things can ever do it; you never can make or compel someone to love somebody else or enforce good relations by law, never! You cannot solve these problems with policemen's clubs or jails. You cannot do it that way; it is not in the nature of things. I said to him, "I don't see how you have this buoyancy, you are just vibrant and enthusiastic; you just ooze hope and faith. I wonder why you colored people are like that?" He turned to me and said something I have never forgotten. "Do you know, Doctor Bradley, why it is that we keep our faith and our thought that perhaps after a little we can work out this problem? Because in spite of everything we have to face, every experience we go through, everything, there never yet was a colored person who could not sing when he was in trouble. WE CAN *SING WHEN WE ARE IN TROUBLE!*"

Well, that is pretty largely true—"Singing in the Storm"—"Singing in Trouble." Now, why should that attitude of song be so creative and constructive in helping us to meet adequately the problems and solve the difficulties that we have to face? Why should that be? Is it a matter of self-deception, creating the right psychology? How is it that a person who is having a battle and is being buffeted and trounced by life until you would naturally expect that bitterness and criticism would automatically come into his life, is able to find the harmonic relationship between order and symmetry, and then confusion disappears? What is it that the beauty of singing brings into the soul? What is that?

We have to understand the law of harmony, for, if we don't understand the basic law of harmony then we keep in difficulty, for everything that interferes with the complete integration of the human personality is based upon discord, not upon harmony—discord.

What is disease? Dis-ease; of course the word itself is a complete description of exactly what it is. The old Latin prefix "dis" which means "not" and "ease"—a person is not at ease when he is diseased. . . . Dis-eased, is not being at ease; and the first thing we have to understand is that if we are having a difficult problem and there is a storm in our life and the thunder is reverberating and the heavens seem to be shaking and we cannot get a sense of perspective, and don't know how to handle the situation, bewildered and besieged, and grasping at every straw that comes along, we cannot get the thing in perspective; I beg of you, I beg of you, stop trying, stop trying, STOP TRYING, and just quietly and reverently, and preferably alone, simply affirm the principle of divine harmony for you. Don't become objective, don't think about it being financial trouble, don't think about it being remorse, anxiety, loss of a job, having no place to live, what somebody has said about you, don't think of any of the objectivity of your difficulty, none of the objectivity of it, dismiss it, but just quietly affirm divine harmony for you quietly, "Harmony, music, harmony for me." If you will do this and will affirm that, I will promise you that before you leave the room, before fifteen minutes have passed, light will break upon your problem; you will see it differently. The hysteria will leave; the sense of hopelessness will

be gone; the sense of final defeat will be eliminated and there will be recreated within your soul a strength and a power that will see you through.

That is not a theory; I am not theorizing. Anyone who knows anything about the reality of spiritual manifestation knows that I am speaking the truth. I am only saying what can be made articulate in your own experience. But you see, the difficulty is, in this complicated period in which we are all living, the very atmosphere is charged and electrified with frustration—the whole atmosphere in which you and I are living now is an assault upon unity and harmony—discord is the theme. Why, it is evidenced by almost every man who gets up to make a speech anywhere, in the General Assembly or the Security Council—they are at it now at the Foreign Ministers' Conference in London—they are at it everywhere. The Palestine matter at the General Assembly yesterday which has broken wide open and it may be that Palestine will be drenched in rivers of blood, and here we are everytime anybody says anything it is always attack, criticism, negative, and they are reacting psychically against the sensitiveness of the age in which we live.

Now, then, there must be some way we can meet that and defeat it or there is great trouble ahead for us in the world. The very basis of all the difficulties and problems, I think in the last analysis, is not economic at all; it is not governmental or political. Obviously those are objective situations but they are not final. Underneath this whole situation, my friends, is the fundamental truth that we are psychologically and emotionally in chaos. It is a psychological problem and we are not giving the psychological aspect of these problems the proper attention which it deserves with the result that our chaos and confusion deepens rather than clears up. Now, what is true with the world society is true of our little individual world, the one inside of us that is so important to us—discord does it. The world basically and fundamentally is constituted on the principle of harmony. Everything works in co-operation with something else. In the entire world of the physical universe every law is dovetailed into every other. There is not one law for the moon and another for the tides, and there is not one law in the field of electronic energy for the atom and another for the ion, proton, and electron, the whole cosmic reality is integrated by one harmonic whole, and whenever discord anywhere comes into the picture, trouble, Trouble, TROUBLE arises. That is not only true of the cosmos of which we are a part, but it is also true of your life and mine in the little orbit in which we live.

How can we develop a technique for the manifestation of harmony? How can we keep our own integration in such operation that disease and discord and confusion can never touch a single iota of our own constituency? Is that possible? Not entirely possible. It was, for some who have lived: Saint Francis of Assisi; the immortal and everlasting Gandhi; and I think for Doctor Albert Schweitzer down in the wilds and jungles of Africa; and for the finest, most classic example of all the history of humanity in the utter loveliness of divine harmony that existed in the personality of Christ, for in the Master's presence disease, discord, confusion, melted away like the dew on the petal of a morning flower. That was because in the evolution of his own spiritual sublimity he was able finally to say, "I and my Father are one." What is that? Divine harmony, the complete integration of the personality. And through spiritual achievement and sublimity of

every force and everything in the physical objective world about him, why, even stones became bread, and blind eyes would no longer remain blind, and crooked limbs could not remain crooked in his presence. Why? Why? For the complete projection of the principle of divine harmony; perfection, divine harmony. That is why, in a life, all the evil that can be designed against you, everything that can happen to you, everything that can become a part of your life, can be dissipated and eradicated and eliminated by the presence of that divine harmony. That is music! That is music of the inner life and soul of man.

Sometimes I feel just burdened with the desire to tell all these souls who are handicapped and floundering in the storms of life, just floundering everywhere, and then come drink and poverty and failure and all the storms of disease—how I wish I could tell them all of it is unnecessary; all of it could be eradicated, completely renovated; the soul could be cleansed; the heart could be made spiritually discerning; all of it could be changed if the principle of divine harmony, divine love, could only become pragmatic and understandable in the life of that person. That is what I meant by "Singing in the Storm." The strength and beauty of it! This strength and beauty is not fragile, weak, or effeminate; it is strong; beauty is power, truth has vitality; unity has power. These are the great positive creative forces of life!

What would happen if those responsible for the leadership of nations and men could see that truth too? What would happen to the world? Well, I think "Singing in the Storm" is the basis for the recreative quality of righteousness and truth to be affirmed in the life; and if there is one person listening to me now, or in this Church, who is in confusion, or chaotic or frustrated until it has all become so highly objectified you don't know which way to turn or what to do next, before you leave this Church, or tune off your radio, if you will shut the whole objectivity out and wait for the presence of divine love in your life you will have a perspective in five minutes from this service. You will go out of these doors, cold as it is, and you will have warmth in your heart, you will be able to sing in the storm.

I was thinking of the truth and beauty of it as a classic example in that interesting personality, Mary Lee Reed. Who was she? She was seated one day in the Union Station down here in Chicago's Loop. She was traveling through Chicago on her way to Denver. She sat in the station and was observing the people, all of the people about her. There was the tenseness and terseness of the traveler everywhere. People's faces were lined and deepened; there was the usual worry and consternation of mothers with little children and the usual confusion that goes on among a depot population, and there she sat, and life was pretty low for her too, she was in a storm. The door opened nearby where she sat in the Union Station and in comes a young chap with his cap on the back of his head, swinging along, whistling as loud as he could, whistling, just whistling. She looked at him and listened a moment, and as the young man passed, she noticed that people turned around and looked at him and suddenly he became self-conscious because his whistling was attracting some attention and so he stopped whistling and hurried on through the corridor, but Miss Reed said it changed the whole atmosphere. Something happened to every one of those people who heard that chap whistle. There were smiles where there had been only scowls. Then

on her way to Denver she sat thinking, thinking, thinking: "Music in the Storm along the way." What did she do? She took her piano down to the depot at Denver and she started, for the first time, playing music in the station at Denver. It transformed the whole thing. It was caught up and finally a large organ manufacturer gave her a beautiful organ and it was installed in the Grand Central Station in New York City. Perhaps you have heard it played there, and Miss Mary Lee Reed, down in New York, played the organ and the beauty of the music was heard by travelers running to and fro, and the letters that she has received from people who have heard that music constitutes a verification of what I have just said, a note of music at the right moment in a tremulous life is harmony, and harmony is strength, and there is no storm, no tempest, that can ever beat out of the human heart the peace which comes from harmony.

How much of it is in your life on this first Sunday of Advent in which we are preparing for the Christmas season? That is what Advent Sunday is. Are you going to open up the doors and windows for the harmony of life? Are you going to refuse to say one unkind word about anyone until Christmas Day? Are you going to give the Spirit of Love and Kindness full sway right straight through these preparatory weeks—not many of them—are you going to affirm every morning when you open your eyes, "Peace and harmony will be mine this day"? Are you going to let flow off your shoulders, untouched, each criticism, unkindness, lies? Are you going to build the sweetness of strength, the quietness of mastery? If you do, you can keep Christmas, you will have that divine harmony, that love, "Singing in the Storm."

One of the men of the Royal Welsh Male Quartette was one time asked when giving a concert, "Why does the Quartette never close a program without singing 'Abide With Me'?" No matter whether it was a secular concert, no matter where it was given, they always closed their concert with "Abide With Me." He was asked, "Why do you do that?" He said, "It is a ritual with us. We never give a concert anywhere in the world that we don't close with that song. Do you know why? We were on the Lusitania when it was torpedoed. We saw the torpedo making a little white wake through the sea, and the next thing we knew we were in the sea. A life raft went by, it could not hold us, so we hung on to it, and we saw through the darkness the Lusitania shudder and, prow first, she sank into her eternal grave there in the sea. No one came near, no one picked us up, all through the deep of the night. Finally we started singing 'Abide With Me, Abide with me, Fast falls the eventide. The darkness, deepens, Lord with me abide.' Singing, singing, singing, until out through the night a rescue boat heard our music. They came along side and one by one we were saved. Don't you think," he said, "that it is beautiful to continue our constant appreciation for what happened by singing 'Abide With Me'?"

Find a song, a song in your lives; sing it, and out of its music and its beauty will come that peace which this world and all it has never can give, and what is still more beautiful, never can take away from you. "Singing in the Storm."

The Liberalist

FREEDOM—FELLOWSHIP—CHARACTER

PRESTON BRADLEY, LL.D., D.D. ..... Editor
GRACE THAYER BRADLEY ..... Associate Editor
ETHEL WELLS SMALLEY ..... Assistant to the Editor
MAY H. HARRISON ..... Business Manager

ONE DOLLAR AND FIFTY CENTS A YEAR—FIFTEEN CENTS PER COPY

Published on the First Day of the Month

Address All Communications to

THE LIBERALIST—941 LAWRENCE AVE., CHICAGO 40, ILL.

We assume no responsibility for unsolicited manuscripts, articles or poems.

EDITORIAL

NOT long ago I asked a distinguished professor in one of our great universities what he considered the greatest lack which we have at the present time that might make or break our future. Without hesitation he replied, "A sense of direction." I like that phrase. It is easy to know what he meant. You have met people, and so have I, who have a sense of direction, and other people who have no sense of direction at all, the kind of people who can go to a strange place and never find their way back again. There are others who just naturally seem to have a sense of direction and can go anywhere. It's a good time to ask "Where are we going?" And how well we can answer the question depends, of course, upon whether we have a sense of direction. Chance always plays some part in life, but it ought not to play as big a part as it frequently does. We ought to know and to have our minds made up as to where we are going.

The late Dwight Morrow, at one time United States Senator, and then Ambassador to Mexico, had a reputation for being unusually absent minded. On a train bound for Washington one day, the conductor came into the car to collect the tickets. He touched Mr. Morrow on the shoulder and said, "Your ticket, please." Mr. Morrow frantically began searching for his ticket, turned his pockets inside out, went through all his papers, growing more excited all the time. The conductor, who knew him, took pity on him and said, "Well, never mind, Mr. Morrow, when you find it, mail it to the company. I am certain that you have it somewhere." Mr. Morrow didn't seem very much relieved by this gesture of cooperation on the part of the conductor, as he said, "I know I had a ticket, but what I want to know is, where in the world am I going?" It wasn't so much the fact that he didn't have a ticket, as it was that he didn't know where he was going.

Thomas Henry Huxley once arrived late in a town where he was to deliver an important lecture, and jumping in a cab he shouted to the driver, "Top speed!" In a hurry the cabby whipped his horse into action and the vehicle went bumping along the streets at a wild clip. The lack of dignity and organization in the entire procedure then

dawned upon Mr. Huxley, and above the clatter of the wheels he shouted to the driver, "Hey! Do you know where I want to go?" "No, your honor," cried the cabby, "but I'm driving as fast as I can." Well, that's a little like we seem to be doing in the world today. There is a great deal of action, a great deal of noise, of confusion; there are myriads of plans, suggestions; and it might be a good time for us to ask ourselves, "Well, where are we really going?" It might be well to examine our sense of direction, not only as a nation, or a world, but as individuals. Let us know our goal, let us be sure that goal is the right one for us, and then let us go forward toward the goal with courage and with faith.

Now, along with developing this sense of direction, it's a good thing too, to learn to laugh at ourselves sometimes, if need be. In our struggle with this game of life, as it is often called, we become so bent on our goal that often we forget to laugh a little along the way—to sort of ease up the tensions of life. As long as you can see the incongruity in your own life, and laugh at it, there is little danger of your losing true perspective—of getting bogged-down in the marshes of extreme self-concern. Humor springs from the contrast between the littleness and the greatness of things. The ability to see these contrasts implies the ability to measure their relative importance. And your sense of values depends on your ability to discern that there is something humorous in nearly every situation. And a good laugh often will jar you out of a mental fog.

Of course it may be that physical weakness is affecting your lack of balance, and if you cannot find the means to chase out discouragement and unhappiness, maybe you should consult a good physician. Then it may be that you just need the tonic of getting out of doors and breathing more fresh air into your lungs. That invigoration that comes from making contact at first hand with the inspiring elements of nature cannot help but freshen your perspective and tend toward the development of sound values of existence. Don't lose the broad perspective which is your anchor. If you center your life in one person, believe in him, sacrifice for him, depend on him utterly, you may well permit your ideas about him to go beyond the limits of reality. You may develop the idea that he is perfect, with no faults, and the shock will be overpowering when you discover feet of clay on your idol. You may surround that person with an unnatural importance and thereby destroy your own sense of proportion. You must try to build up a compassionate understanding of human frailties to develop true friendship or true and lasting love. You cannot accomplish this understanding if your perspective is limited to one person or thing—whether that person be someone else or yourself. That is why I say, learn to laugh at yourself. Don't permit your work, your striving for material success, to overwhelm other interests, to become an obsession. What does it profit if you gain the pot of porridge and lose your birthright? And your birthright is a masterful life.

I believe one of the barriers to a sense of direction in life may be a lack of appreciation of one's importance to life. And each of us is important. And what we do and what we think—they are important. The very first requirement toward any kind of self-improvement is a fundamental, operative, creative belief in yourself. Begin to believe that you are of some importance to the final scheme of things, because you are. Believe that you have importance in every area of your own influence, because you have! You are important to your own home! To your own work!

To your own nation! And from this very moment you can reconstruct the energizing processes, physical, mental and spiritual, which will create a sense of adequacy and a sense of direction to your life, and will become the originator of the great inner power necessary for the successful building of your tomorrow. Don't try to build a future in the future. It is never done that way. Build today for tomorrow, and if you want a great tomorrow, be sure you build a great today. Thomas Edison once told some young people: "If you are convinced that a certain thing can be done, never mind what the world says: *experiment,* and never give up. Forget entirely the word 'disapointment.' Failures, so-called, are but finger posts pointing out the right direction to those who are willing to learn." Be willing to learn, then keep a sense of direction, and if need be, laugh at yourself. P.B.

BOOK CHATS

MY enthusiasm for the book I have chosen to talk about first in this book chat is so great, I hope I can project enough of that enthusiasm so that you will either seek out the book at once or make a definite note of it for reading at your very first opportunity. It was published early in November by the Macmillan Company. You may remember that I have several times spoken of how Mrs. Bradley and I sat in St. Paul's Cathedral in London and listened with rapture to the great Albert Schweitzer as he played the organ in the cathedral. And of how he gave up a brilliant career as an organist to minister to the black people of Africa. And now Hermann Hagedorn gives us the story of Albert Schweitzer's richly varied life with vividness and sympathy. Mr. Hagedorn has written what two readers, unknown to each other and separated by three thousand miles, both called a "glorious book." Herman Hagedorn, distinguished poet and biographer, when he graduated from Harvard, wrote a class poem which took the headlines and resounded across the country. It is still generally regarded as the best thing of the sort in American college annals. He is best known as the biographer of Theodore Roosevelt, and has written important biographies of General Leonard Wood, of Robert S. Brookings and of Edward Arlington Robinson. He has also written many books of verse which include "A Troop of the Guard," "The Great Maze," "Ladders Through the Blue," and "Combat at Midnight." His books for young people, "Boys' Life of Theodore Roosevelt," "Book of Courage" and "We, the People," have had large sales and are widely used in the schools. And he wrote of the gallant author of the poem "High Flight" and which we received permission to publish in an issue of this magazine. You remember the author of that poem was John Magee, whose story Mr. Hagedorn tells so charmingly in his "Sunward I've Climbed." Mr. Hagedorn wrote "The Bomb That Fell on America," which is now in its seventh printing and is called by Anne O'Hare McCormick the most eloquent and striking thing she has read on the bomb and its effects on the American mind and soul. I tell you all this about the author of our book, so

that you may realize how well worth while your reading the book would be, even though it were not written about one of the great men of our time.

The name of the book is "Prophet in the Wilderness," and it is not only based on extensive research, and on Mr. Schweitzer's autobiography and on letters the author has received from Mr. Schweitzer, but on answers Dr. Schweitzer gave to specific inquiries of the author and notably on one letter of forty-seven pages, telling of the author's life since 1929 when his autobiography was published. When Albert Schweitzer was thirty, he renounced the promise of a great European career to give his life to the service of mankind as a jungle doctor in Africa. He is one of the great people of history. He is one of the greatest organists of Europe and the foremost living authority on Bach. He is an intellectual giant, and rocked the theological seminaries of the world with his "Quest of the Historical Jesus," almost fifty years ago, and he is now at work on the third volume of a revolutionary "History of Civilization." At 72 he is still carrying on the medical center he created. The book tells graphically of his growth in Europe, his subsequent struggles, working under primitive conditions to lift the burden of disease from the natives of French Equatorial Africa, at first with no proper hospital and handicapped by the lethargy of the natives. This is a glorious book in the simplicity and intimacy of the narrative. It is a small book, only 221 pages, with a list of the books given at the close which have contributed to the building of the story, and also a list of books written by Albert Schweitzer, which have been published in translation and which are available in the united States. Mr. Hagedorn tells us in a chapter on acknowledgements, that knowing how desperately overworked the Doctor was, in August, 1945, when in the familiar French of his native Alsace he set down these memoranda, . . . he has wondered, in painful self-reproach, whether any story that he might write would be worth the extra weight he had laid upon the Doctor's already overburdened shoulders, but he was cheered by the thought that in years to come, scholars, following the thread of this great life, will find these forty-seven handwritten pages a priceless addition to the Doctor's published autobiographical writings.

Herman Hagedorn asks "Who is this traveler who observes like a painter and writes like a poet, this man of letters who conducts an operation in the African Jungle and finds time to hold a black man's hand and tell him who has sent this doctor into the heart of darkness? A surgeon, obviously. But who is this surgeon who practices Bach and Cesár Franck as the swift darkness falls, and makes a symphony of the ordeal of bossing a crew of native laborers; this musician who writes far into the night concerning the restoration of civilization; this philosopher who is "dizzy with joy" because a boatload of black men ride through a tropical storm and reach home without the loss of a single life? And then the author begins the answer to his own questions. I thought as I read this book, "Oh, why should anyone ever read a novel, when there are true stories so filled with adventure, romance and inspiration?" Albert Schweitzer was a puny youngster when born and for weeks was not expected to live, yet the author says of him, "He inspires like St. Francis of Assisi. His great muscular frame, the masterful nose, the broad forehead, the unruly hair, the large, humorous mouth, the eyes, black wells of concentrated sorrow and compassion, faintly lighted by hope. . . . He knows that above the dark canopy are stars;

and there are flowers where he goes which he will greet as a child might . . . with simple gaiety. *He is a great laughter.*" He is an Alsatian, "a pine tree of the Vosges," and says "I have my roots in the Vosges country, but I am pre-occupied first of all and always with what I want to be doing as a man, serving humankind." This man is a humanitarian and belongs to the whole world. I could do you no finer service than to call attention to this life of gratitude, in "Prophet in the Wilderness."

* * *

Ever since the National Conference of Christians and Jews has been publishing a list of books emphasizing brotherhood, I have called attention to it, and have sent it to hundreds of people. Librarians, study groups, individuals in homes, schools and colleges, interested in good reading, send for this list. The list this year is separated into three divisions: 1st, *for older readers;* 2nd, *for intermediate readers* and 3rd, *for young readers,* and I think it is the finest list which the Conference has thus far presented. These books are finally selected after careful consideration by a committee of distinguished men and women who know literature. They are not chosen on what the blurbs say on the covers of the books. They are only selected after careful reading by a committee whose opinion we cannot help but respect. There is no guesswork about this list being the best available list on the general theme of brotherhood and understanding.

Pearl Buck has written a foreword and it is such a comprehensive and adequate expression, I am going to quote it to you: "Books are food for the mind," she says. Just as the growing body needs wholesome food and plenty of it, if it is to reach a sound and fruitful maturity, so the mind needs plenty of good books. The choice of books is as important as the choice of food. A child's body can be warped and weak from the wrong *kind* of food just as much as from the *lack* of food. So the mind, too, reading trivial or bad books, may become warped and stunted. Into books, good and wise men and women have put their best and wisest thoughts, and the young mind, reading, can shape itself to noble ends. We know now what is good. We know that the warm desire for justice to all, which we call human brotherhood, alone can make a safe and peaceful world. Then we must develop minds which can understand this brotherhood and practice it. Here are some of the books which can foster such understanding and teach such practice."

I have long been convinced that better human relations cannot be forced, nor can they be cemented by law. You cannot force anyone to like anyone else, but we can all study the characteristics and contributions which other people have made to the well being of society and the race, and by that process we can create the feeling of good will.

Now here are some of the books for adults: A book called "Man's Way," from Cave to Skyscraper, written by Ralph and Adelin Linton. This is a distinguished history of man's progress, and explodes many popular misconceptions about races and cultures. It's a lively and informative book by a famous anthropologist and his wife. Our Catholic listeners will be familiar with the great life and character of James Cardinal Gibbons, and I am delighted that the list contains the book "Larger Than the Sky," which is the story of Cardinal Gibbons, the inspiring story of a Catholic clergyman, who was a determined fighter for tolerance and freedom for all men. This is a book which every Protestant should read and it would help to create better understanding between Catholics and

Protestants. Then Arna Bontemps in the book "We Have Tomorrow," presents short biographies of living Negroes who have made important contributions to our world. At a time when races are usually judged by their poorest examples, and what one particular individual is and does, blankets the whole race, this is the book to read, which shows what has been accomplished and achieved by the best examples of the race. Then there is Dorothea Dana's interesting book called "Sugar Bush," which is a fascinating story; a book about the maple sugar industry in a New England locale, where an industrious Polish family become a part of the community. Howard Pease has written a book called "Heart of Danger," which is one of the most deeply moving stories I know, and will convince any reader that prejudice must be wiped out to make people everywhere free. It is the story of an American-born Jap, who is half Jewish, and having met prejudice at home, finds it in the Heart of Danger, the French underground. This story will hold your interest from the first sentence to the last. And our own Chicago writer, whom I know well and who has written so brilliantly, Phyllis A. Whitney, has written a book called "Willow Hill," which is the story of teen-agers in a suburban town where a housing project brought bitter conflict and a sound solution.

Do you remember a book called "Call Me Charley," written by Jesse Jackson? Well, there's a new book by Jesse Jackson now called "Anchor Man," which is a sequel to "Call Me Charley." Charley is now a high school senior and a member of the track team and he helps his school win and also helps his fellow students toward a better understanding of democracy. Those of you who like action and romance and thrills ought not to miss Armstrong Sperry's book called "The Rain Forest." It's the thrilling story of two boys captured by a fierce tribe of pygmy cannibals, and of their friendship, which transcended the artificial barriers of race and language. And the biography of one of the greatest men and greatest scientists this nation ever knew, Dr. George Washington Carver, who faced injustice and intolerance with courage and fortitude. Dr. Carver commands the respect, admiration and appreciation of every citizen of this country. Margaret Maw has written a book which she calls "Nikoline's Choice," the true story of a Danish family who migrated here in the late 19th century to find freedom in a new world. And in this hour of challenge and change, debate and controversy over the United Nations, Tom Galt's book "How the United Nations Works," will clear up a lot of misunderstanding, confusion and misinformation about the United Nations. American public opinion is sharply divided about this question, and whether we are for or opposed to the United Nations, no one who wants to have the right opinion and the right understanding of the United Nations dare neglect any authoritative information about the United Nations. We simply must be as comprehensively informed as is possible and therefore books of this character must not be neglected or ignored. Opinions based upon prejudice and passion are of little value finally, but all opinions help to create public opinion and that is important.

* * *

And now I call your attention to a book which the editor, William Oliver Stevens, has called "The Quiet Hour." Mr. Stevens is not the author of the book, but the editor, for he has selected and collected together some brief inspirational selections in both prose and poetry from the literature of the world.

His acknowledgements in the front of the book read like a veritable "Who's Who" of literature. Spiritual insight has been the possession of many people in many ages and is not the exclusive possession of any one people or age. Surely there never was an era keyed to such tensions as this present one, and to be able to turn, in a moment of quiet, to some brief selection that sounds a note of deep eternity—of steadying, stabilizing thought will sometimes change a hectic day to one of perfect poise and calm and peace, no matter what the outward confusion. There never was a time when we needed more, that steadying influence. We do not all possess libraries of such varied literary merit that we have at our finger's ends something to suit the need of the hour or the moment; but here in one compact volume of only 350-odd pages is a truly notable collection of the best writings in prose and poetry of many lands and centuries—an invaluable companion. These selections are classed under various headings, and there is an index of authors, as well as a title index. There are some selections from the sacred writings of India, from some of the stoic philosophers, and from our nineteenth century Emerson, Whitman, Tennyson, Browning and Phillips Brooks. There's a Christmas sermon by Robert Louis Stevenson; there is Chapter I of "Living Philosophies" by Albert Einstein; then we have "A Creed," "Laugh and Be Merry" and "The Seekers" by Masefield, "A Certain Rich Man" by William Allen White. I am just giving you a few of these titles to whet your appetite for this book and show you the type of thing you may expect from its pages. "A Prayer," by Edwin Markham; "Storing Up Triple Reserves," by Babson; "Thoughts By Buddha," translated by F. Max Muller; there is an article called "Habit," from "Talks to Teachers on Psychology" by William James, which I am sure some of you parents would enjoy and profit from reading; and "The Travel Diary of a Philosopher" by Count Hermann Keyserling; and then "The Donkey" from "The Wild Knight and Other Poems," by G. K. Chesterton. To me it is quite an inspiration just to read of some of the selections included in the book even before one gets into the meat of it all.

There is an interesting heading called "Every-day Living," which rather intrigued me, so I open the book and turn to this by John Ruskin: "Make yourselves nests of pleasant thoughts. None of us yet know, for none of us have been taught in early youth, what fairy palaces we may build of beautiful thought—proof against all adversity. Bright fancies, satisfied memories, noble histories, faithful sayings, treasure-houses of precious and restful thoughts, which care cannot disturb, nor pain make gloomy, nor poverty take away from us—houses built without hands, for our souls to live in." And on the next page, "The Duty of Loving," by Thomas à Kempis: "Endeavor to be patient in bearing with the defects and infirmities of others, of what sort soever they be; for that thyself also hast many failings which must be borne with by others. If thou canst not make thyself such an one as thou wouldest, how canst thou expect to have another in all things to thy liking?" I wish I might take time to read "Riding The Tiger" by Dr. Joseph Fort Newton, which he bases on the old Chinese proverb which says "A man who rides a tiger dare not dismount. If he does, the tiger will eat him up. Also, he must go where the tiger wants to go, whether he wants to or not." There is a delightful bit from "A Plea For an Age Movement," by Ralph Barton Perry, in which he says (and remember,

I am still in the classification known as Every-day Living): "Age will not recover its place in the world by attempting to meet the young on their own ground. Let us select the ground where we shall not expose our weaknesses. Let us enter the events that fit our specifications—the marathon, for example, rather than the sprints or jumps. . . . There's nothing envious or apologetic in that. The important thing is never to concede that the arts in which the young excel are in themselves more excellent than those which become our greater years. Let us make virtues of our necessities. Age should not have its face lifted, but rather teach the world to admire wrinkles, as the etchings of experience and the firm lines of character." Here's a verse from Robert Browning, called "The Common Problem": "The common problem—yours, mine, everyone's—is not to fancy what were fair in life—Provided it could be; but, finding first —What may be, then find how to make it fair—Up to our means—a very different thing!—My business is not to remake myself—But *make* the absolute *best* of what God made."

In another section of the book there is a delightful bit by Gilbert K. Chesterton on the Optimist and Pessimist, and this potent line from Ruskin: "The main thing to ask for is *sight*; there is light enough." Well, I could take great pleasure in going on and on like this, but this is enough I am sure to convince you that if you are a lover of anthologies, either of poetry or prose, here is a combination of both; something from which the entire family can take enjoyment, for there is sufficient variety in it to suit all tastes. Certainly it would be a splendid type of book to give as a gift and I think Dodd, Mead & Company, who published it in October of this year, are to be complimented, as well as the editor, Dr. William Oliver Stevens. Such books require a great deal of time, thought and effort in the preparation, but are so well worth all the effort in the joy and inspiration they give to all who possess them.

P.B.

The *RADIO* MAIL BAG

By GRACE THAYER BRADLEY

I HOPE everyone enjoyed a good, restful sleep after the Christmas festivities ended. All the Christmas dinners eaten, according to family tradition—(either you had Christmas pudding or mince pie,—turkey or goose or roast beef!) And Christmas Eve, with members of your own family and possibly a few very close friends invited to join the family circle—when you had all helped in the work and jollity of trimming the tree, and it was pronounced finished—you all sat around admiring your artistry with calculating eye, looking to see if the colorful, shining balls were rightly placed—not too close together—and the glistening icicles of silver—did they hang where they gleamed to advantage? The silvery rain, spaced so

as not to hang too thickly from one branch, and too thin from another! The silver star on the topmost twig sending a beam over all! Then you brought in the big tray, with glass cups of eggnog, with or without nutmeg; or you served hot coffee with the Christmas cookies, according, as I said, to family tradition! And you all grouped around the piano and sang a few carols before saying good night, and a "Merry Christmas" as the hands of the clock pointed to midnight.

Well, it's all over now—the visiting and the feasting and singing of carols and old, familiar songs that somehow belong to family gatherings at holiday time. Every woman wants (nay—needs) a new hat (it is tonic to her mind and spirit!) and every man goes to his office to look over the bills, scan the ledger, and take account of stock!

Yes, New Year's has struck the hour—and started right along the way without wasting a moment! Every store and shop, be it pickles or jewels, must get at the work of taking inventory; a tedious, nerve racking job at best. They must know what stock has been used, and how much is left, and balance the account. What about you? Wouldn't it be a good idea if we, individually and secretly took inventory of our own hearts? Searched every shelf and corner, dusted out every pigeonhole where we keep our secret and unspoken thoughts, criticisms, hates, jealousies, unkindness, sharp words, intolerance, and many other things we might not like dragged into the daylight when we take inventory! How have you used your spending money? Has it all been for yourself, or have you found the joy of doing for someone to whom it would bring pleasure far exceeding the cost,—and it is so well worth your sacrifice! Even if you have little to do with, try doing something for someone who has less, or is lonely, or ill. See what fun you will have! And when next year's inventory is taken you will not have smudged, dreary records, no, indeed! There will be bright pages, fairly shining with the ray of sunshine you brought to someone, or comfort, sympathy, encouragement,—a laugh, a song, a smile, a bit of fun—an unexpected pleasure to one who seldom has it—oh! there is so much one can do without a great deal of effort and not much money either.

Another little item to look into in your inventory might well be—what do you read? Are you filling up the valuable space on the shelves of your mind with trash? Using your energy and time? And time is of great value! Giving storage to worthless and possibly unclean things that soil and dim the windows of your mind! There are so many fine things to read, so much to stimulate beauty, to inspire and enrich and uplift. It may not be fun to take inventory—but it must be done or your business of life may go all awry. The New Year turns a fresh, clean page; and we can begin over to try to keep accounts straight. Be thankful for your blessings; grateful for friendship, love, beauty, blue sky, starlight, sunshine, bird songs, flowers (even if you don't own a garden, you are welcome to enjoy them in the Park!)

Don't feel discouraged in making your inventory. Remember, the New Year is the time to begin again! And when this one draws to a close, may you find your records show it has been a fine year, with more sunshine than shadow, with faith in God strengthened, with hope renewed, and mind open to good!

* * *

It is a strange phenomenon, though not an unusual one, for two people unknown to one another and at a distance apart, to write or think or ex-

press the same ideas, or even to make or invent the same things. Since writing all this centering around the idea of "inventory," a letter has been handed me from the study desk, expressing the same general thought, only in better words and style, and more exactly what I wanted to say. So I will give you now this beautiful letter: "Dear Dr. Bradley:—Your inspiring addresses each evening often make me wish people would think more and talk less. Think constructively. At this season of the year especially, people everywhere should make an inventory of what they have rendered to God during the year for all His blessings to them.

"Nature still renders to God without skimping.
The rose and the lily have not cut the quality of their lovely perfume.
The birds still deliver their sweet songs.
They are not jealous of each other's accomplishments.
Man will never fulfill his obligations until he becomes fruitful as well as useful.
The motto over the old Y.M.C.A. door in Boston was:
'I hold—and am held by Him.'
What a mighty inspiration to render our best.

To live each day undiscouraged by yesterday, and unafraid of tomorrow; to live the day simply, not shirking duty nor envying others, to walk in humility before God, in integrity among all men, and purity toward women; to aim high, press toward the mark and have joy in work; to be not content with what is merely good, but to strive for the best; to preserve a cool head and tender heart, with mind open toward God and the heart warm toward humanity, and to be conscious of Him in both the heat and cool of the day; to see clearly; feel deeply; and be not disobedient to the Heavenly vision; to hear God's voice in the things that are commonplace; to be glad for blessings given and to give blessings to the other fellow.

A New Year's ideal, if you please, for more World Peace.

Sincerely, H. H. Busby."

* * *

It is most enheartening to one like Dr. Bradley, who gives of himself so continuously, to receive such sincere expressions of gratitude as shown in the following letter and resolution, sent him by the Secretary-Treasurer of the American Train Dispatchers Association: "Dear Dr. Bradley:—Our delegates were so pleased with your appearance and your talk at our convention in October that they passed a resolution expressing their appreciation. I thought you would like to have this resolution, and we are enclosing it herewith. Yours very truly, J. B. Springer, Secretary-Treasurer."

And the resolution:

RESOLUTION

WHEREAS, the delegates to the 14th General Assembly of the American Train Dispatchers Association appreciate very much the invocation and the address of the Reverend Dr. Preston Bradley at our opening session, and

WHEREAS, the delegates and their families enjoyed the encouraging message and the association with his dynamic personality, and

WHEREAS, we admire the great work Dr. Bradley carries on in pulpit, press and over radio in behalf of all of us, therefore be it

RESOLVED that we express to Dr. Bradley by this resolution the appreciation of all at this General Assembly, and we feel also that we can speak in

like manner for train dispatchers everywhere.

Unanimously adopted
14th General Assembly
American Train Dispatchers Association
Chicago, Illinois
October 16-19, 1947."

* * *

Recently Dr. Bradley reviewed in a broadcast, three delightful books for children by Genevieve Cross, which had come to his notice, and imagine his surprise and pleasure at receiving the next morning a telegram from this author which read:

"No words can express our thanks to you for the excellent reviews given our books tonight. We deeply appreciate your kindness and invaluable assistance. Without knowing it, you have influenced my life's ambitions, for you addressed my graduation class of 1928. For Cross Publications and myself, thank you. Genevieve Cross."

With this we will close the Mail Bag. May you have a truly Happy New Year!

AND — KEEP — ON — THE — BEAM!

WE HAVE SO MUCH IN COMMON

HAVE you ever given much thought to the idea of how much we all have and share in common? No matter what our social status might be, how much money we might or might not have, no matter what race we might happen to belong to or where we find ourselves in this pilgrimage we call life, have you ever really thought how much we all have in common? That which we share *together, experience* together? Have you ever thought of the diversity of people, with every range of human nature and every representation of the human race walking up and down our own Michigan Avenue? They see the same buildings, they walk on the same street, and they look up into the same sky; they experience the same weather, and it is not only true of the little area of your life and mine as we live it, but it is true of every other human being in the world everywhere.

Occasionally, when I have an hour to spare, I drop in to the Telenews Theatre, and I look at that one-hour program in which the scenes and events of the world are portrayed. And I see athletic contests, hear the speeches by statesmen and leaders, all the vivid panorama of life which is picked up by news-reel cameras around the world, and I am always impressed by how much humanity has in common, whether it is a scene in China or India or Africa, wherever it is, there go men and women and little children; there is humanity, and the things which they have in common and share in common are impressive in their importance in this moment. Channing Pollock told us in a story which I remember reading, that he once called on Mark Twain, to ask if he would introduce Sarah Bernhardt at a charity performance. "He is a very busy and important man," Channing thought, "and I mustn't take much of his time." Well, after an hour, he became concerned as to his own time, for the great humorist cornered him, and rattled on endlessly, asking questions and telling stories, and when Channing Pollock left, too late for his dinner, Mark Twain followed him, bare-headed into Fifth Avenue and walked a block with him, to describe an experience of his boyhood, and that all brought back to Mr. Pollock something that his grandmother had told

him many years ago; for her phrase to describe something which I have in mind was, "People are much of a muchness."

There is really nothing more absurd than to talk on class distinction and class prejudice in America, because now, none of our distinctions is really a matter of class. Here we are all in the same boat, really, and we may start first-class and end in the steerage, or start in the steerage and end in the first-class. Some of us are kinder than others, or more intelligent, or have better manners, but these qualities are not badges of social degree. One of the kindest men I have ever known was one of the richest men this city ever knew, and one of the most intelligent men I ever met was a man who had never been to a university or a college, and one of the best mannered people I have ever met was a taxi driver who took me home once.

The late Bishop Herbert Shipman told of an incident which happened in World War I, when an officer aboard a battleship saw one of his men set down his scrubbing brush to peer at a yacht in the harbor. This sailor who was scrubbing the deck looked at the yacht with unusual interest and pride, he thought, so he turned to the sailor and said, "That's a trim craft. Know who owns her?" "Yes, sir," answered the sailor, "*I* do." "Now, if they had merely stepped from one ship to the other," said the Bishop, with a smile, "It would have been the officer who would have said, 'Yes, sir.' "

In one of Clyde Fitch's plays there is a character who is a prince, and the critics all said that the prince was too much like ordinary humans. Clyde Fitch replied to them by saying, "These critics criticize the prince as being too human because they have never known a prince." Whoever thinks that common clay is less common because of fame or fortune or race or creed owes the idea to the wrong impressions which some books, plays and movies give. Our common instincts, the things we all have in common, appetites and reactions, became a part of us thousands of years before wealth or position. The mother at the bedside of her sick child is the same mother, in a mansion or a tenement, and little human babies cry in the same language around the world, and human hearts break pretty much over the same things everywhere in the world. And right now, as in few times in the history of our nation, we are all, as I said a moment ago, in the same boat. And the seas are rough, and they will probably get rougher, and there may be uncharted dangers ahead, dangers that are not on the horizon at this moment, and it doesn't seem to me to be a very good time for us to be puting emphasis upon our differences or emphasizing any kind of class distinctions.

Some very old words come thundering down the centuries to me as I am thinking these thoughts: words that we have all heard often; words which we speak often, but words which few of us ever permit the great truth which they convey to sink down deep into our hearts. Listen to this old, old, familiar sentence: "He hath made of one blood all nations of men." Do you believe that? Do you think that's true? Well, if you do, and I do, we must begin to think of our problems not in the light of our differences or the things that divide or separate us, but on the common basis of our humanity. Before we are any of these other things, we are first of all human beings, born into the world the same way, leaving it through the same exit—birth, life, death.

Sometimes I think if we could humanize our attitudes, our activities, our needs, and bring them all down to the plane of our common humanity, it

wouldn't be long before things might be different. That is where every enduring and inspiring leader of mankind always started. This, of all times, seems the best time for us all to realize that we all share a common destiny. Whatever happens to one of us in this kind of an age, when man has produced the equipment for his own self-destruction, it is well to recall, will happen to all of us, and is it not logical to deduce then, that we should all of us be concerned as to what is happening to any of us?

P.B.

(Following are three articles taken from the pamphlet "Our Faith" published by The Unitarian Christian Fellowship, in the November, 1947 number)

A QUOTE FROM TOYNBEE

(From "A Study of History," 1947, p. 495-6)

"If the divine father of the human family is left out of the reckoning, there is no possibility of forging any alternative bond of purely human texture which will avail by itself to hold mankind together.

"The only society that is capable of embracing the whole of mankind is a super-human Civitas Dei; and the conception of a society which embraces mankind and nothing but mankind is an academic chimaera.

"The Stoic Epictetus was as well aware of this supreme truth as the Christian Apostle Paul, but, whereas Epictetus stated the fact as a conclusion of philosophy, St. Paul preached it as the gospel of a new revelation made by God to man through the life and death of Christ."

A FULL-ORBED FAITH WILL NOT STOP WITH MAN

Faith is not dead today. It never will be as long as man chooses to live. But faith today is seeking for enriched objects. The normal, healthy life finds faith as essential as breathing. Nevertheless, multitudes are in distress as they seek abiding sources of trust.

Basic in this distress is the hunger for two things. First, man would like to believe in himself and his kind. Yet here we meet with a skepticism as great as any we know. There was a time when faith in man seemed an easy alternative to the older option of faith in God.

Let man assert himself. Let him center his attention exclusively upon himself and his world affairs. As a theory this belief has not found a general acceptance but as a practice this is what has come to pass. But man finds it no easier to believe in himself today than he has found it easy to believe in many other things. Man's one great fear today is man. He distrusts his own kind as he distrusts nothing else.

Obviously, the kind of man in whom society has been so willing to trust is not equal to the task of transforming society. The task of transforming society calls for the transformation of man himself, for the spiritualizing of man with those graces of character

which are fundamental in Christianity. All our schemes of human salvation will go bankrupt without these.

A full-orbed faith will not stop with man. It will seek an answer in the totality of being, in God. To close the door of faith upon the wider relationships which every one of us sustains is to shut out realities entirely too significant for human omission. "No man is an island," wrote John Donne, "but part of the main." We are a part of a vast order of things to which we shall never cease to relate ourselves in terms of spiritual purpose and comradeship.

Robert S. Miller

(Minister, First Congregational Society, Unitarian, Burlington, Vermont.)

SCHWEITZER ON JESUS

(From the closing chapter of his "Quest of the Historical Jesus")

"Jesus means something to our world because a mighty spiritual force streams forth from Him and flows through our time also. This fact can neither be shaken nor confirmed by any historical discovery. It is the solid foundation of Christianity.

"The truth is, it is not Jesus as historically known, but Jesus as spiritually arisen within men, who is significant for our time and can help it. Not the historical Jesus, but the spirit which goes forth from him and in the spirits of men strives for new influence and rule, is that which overcomes the world.

"The abiding and eternal in Jesus is absolutely independent of historical knowledge and can only be understood by contact with his spirit which is still at work in the world. In proportion as we have the Spirit of Jesus we have the true knowledge of Jesus.

"Jesus as a concrete historical personality remains a stranger to our time, but his spirit, which lies hidden in his words, is known in simplicity, and its influence is direct.

"He comes to us as One unknown, without a name, as of old, by the lakeside. He came to those who knew him not. He speaks to us the same word: 'Follow thou me!' and sets us to the tasks which he has to fulfill for our time. He commands. And to those who obey Him, whether they be wise or simple, he will reveal himself in the toils, the conflicts, the sufferings which they shall pass through in his fellowship, and, as an ineffable mystery, they shall learn in their own experience Who He is."

Albert Schweitzer

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

Have you changed your address? The church office would greatly appreciate your cooperation in keeping its mailing list up to date. There are other changes, too, such as the change of name when a marriage occurs. Sometimes mail goes astray because Miss So-and-So presumes of course that the church office knows all about it when she marries and becomes Mrs. So-and-So and changes her address. Kindly cooperate and keep the record straight. Thank you!

May H. Harrison, Secretary, The Peoples Church,
941 Lawrence Ave., Chicago 40, Ill.

PEOPLES CHURCH ACTIVITIES

Lawrence at Sheridan

36th Season

SUNDAY MORNING SERVICE (Broadcast by WJJD)....11:00 a.m. to 12:30 p.m.

SUNDAY EVENING SERVICE (Not Broadcast)..... 7:30 p.m.

CHURCH SCHOOL OF RELIGIOUS EDUCATION, Anderson Hall. Classes for all age groups. Robert Crosswhite, Supt. Sunday..... 9:30 a.m.

Friday evening, January 16th, Anderson Hall, "Hard-time Party." Church School and Channing Club get-together..... 8:00 p.m.

CHOIR REHEARSAL, Walter Flandorf, Organist and Director, every Friday (Auditions 7:30 p.m.), Church Auditorium..... 8:00 p.m.

WOMAN'S CLUB (Meeting in Anderson Hall), Monday, January 5th. Civil Service and Law Observance Dept., Mrs. W. M. Holmes, Chrmn., and Conservation Dept., Mrs. Geo. Earle, Chrmn., in charge of program. Puppet show by Mrs. Alice Kennedy of State Civil Service Com., Springfield; and an Illustrated Lecture by L. F. Wainscott, former Dist. Director of Conservation. Hostesses: Mrs. C. M. Anderson and Mrs. Chas. A. Fink..... 1:00 p.m.

Monday, January 19th, American Home Day, Mrs. M. A. Miles, Chrmn., Mrs. C. W. Denicke, Co-Chairman. 'Chapeau-ology: Mrs. Josephine B. Phillips, Chicago designer of millinery, will demonstrate restyling your own hat on your own head. The only portable millinery shop in captivity. (Each member to bring old felt hat with brim.) Hostess: Mrs. G. A. Schweizer..... 1:00 p.m.

PROFESSIONAL AND BUSINESS WOMAN'S CLUB (Meeting in Anderson Hall), Tuesday, January 13th, Semi-annual Business Meeting. A Romance of American Industry—The Movie, "The Red Wagon," the story of Gustavus Franklin Swift, starring John Whitney and Barbara Wooddell with Joe Forte as Narrator and a Musical Score by W. Frank Harling, who won the Academy Award for his work in "Stagecoach." Open meeting. Public is welcome..... 8:00 p.m.

Tuesday, January 27th, Philanthropic Card Party. Refreshments. Chairmen of the evening, Miss Ruth Kruskopf and Miss Dollie Kolberg. Public invited. Donation $1.00..... 8:00 p.m.

MEN'S CLUB. (Meeting in Anderson Hall, fourth Monday of each month.) January meeting, Monday, January 26th. Mr. L. E. McCloy, Pres., Harold Hansen, Sec..... 8:00 p.m.

USHERS' CLUB—Meets first Tuesday of each month in Anderson Hall.... 8:00 p.m.

PRESTON BRADLEY AUXILIARY, MARY BARTELME CLUB—Meets with Professional and Business Woman's Club..... 8:00 p.m.

PARENT-TEACHERS FORUM of the Church School. Meets second Monday of each month. Anderson Hall. January meeting, Monday, January 12th. Geo. Young, Sec..... 8:00 p.m.

CHANNING CLUB—Meets 1st and 3rd Fridays of each month, Anderson Hall. January meetings, January 2nd and 16th. Joan Pink, Corr. Sec., 4608 Hazel Ave. Ard. 1482..... 8:00 p.m.

GIRL SCOUT TROOP No. 187—Meets every Thursday evening, Anderson Hall. Betty Boaz, Leader, 7637 N. Greenview Ave. (26) Rog. 5742 ..... 7:30 p.m.

THE UPTOWN PLAYERS—J. Bradley-Griffin, Director. Studios, 1149 N. LaSalle St. Phone Mic. 7766. Plays presented in Eleventh St. Theatre, 62 E. 11th St. For complete schedule see page 23.

DR. BRADLEY'S RADIO SCHEDULE

WJJD—Sunday morning, direct from Church Auditorium....11:00 a.m. to 12:30 p.m.

WGN—Monday through Friday ..... 6:00 p.m.

UPTOWN PLAYERS

1149 N. LaSalle St.

Michigan 7766

J. Bradley-Griffin, Director

January Production

"THEATRE"

by Guy Bolton and Somerset Maugham

directed by

J. BRADLEY-GRIFFIN

Saturday, January 3
Thursday, January 8
Saturday, January 17
Saturday, January 31
} Curtain 8:30 p.m.

Sunday Matinee, January 25 . . . Curtain 3 p.m.

Eleventh Street Theatre

62 E. 11th St.

* * *

DRAMA TEA

Sunday, January 4—Anderson Hall, 4 p.m.

Two One-Act Plays

directed by

Betty DeMars and Bernard Rhein

* * *

AUDITIONS

Sunday, January 11—Players Studios, 4 p.m.

1149 N. LaSalle St. Mic. 7766

Anyone interested in any phase of the theatre

is welcome to audition

AN APPROPRIATE GIFT

WE can think of no finer gift for a friend, a relative or a neighbor, than one which will remind them of your love every month in the year.

Our Liberalist is such a gift. We are trying to make this a most vital and inspiring church magazine. Every number contains a sermon by Dr. Bradley and special articles of interest and inspiration. All of the activities of the Church are emphasized. Every month there is an interesting department which Dr. Bradley writes, called "Book Chats." There are also editorials, stories and articles, Book Reviews, and one of the most interesting features is the Radio Mail Bag in which Mrs. Bradley every month gleans from the heavy radio mail inspiring comments to pass on to readers.

If you desire to send this magazine to a friend and will send $1.00 to Mrs. Thomas A. Harrison, Subscription Manager, Peoples Church, 941 Lawrence Avenue, we will send a Card announcing your gift. The magazine is now in its twenty-first year of publication, and goes all over the United States and to many foreign lands. Why not send your $1.00 today? It will come regularly every month. No one connected with the publication receives any compensation and all funds above the cost of production go directly to the Treasury of the Peoples Church to help our financial problem. Please subscribe.

Subscription Coupon

The Peoples Church of Chicago,
941 Lawrence Avenue,
Chicago 40, Illinois

Please enter my subscription for THE LIBERALIST for One Year, beginning with the current number.

Enclosed find Check..... for $1.00.
Money Order.....

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... **State**.....

DIRECTORY

THE PEOPLES CHURCH, Lawrence Ave., at Sheridan Rd.

Time of Service 11:00 A.M.

Affiliated with: American Unitarian Association, Boston; Western Unitarian Conference, Chicago

PASTOR

Preston Bradley, LL.D., D.D.

EXECUTIVE OFFICERS

H. B. Hunter, President
2304 Farwell Ave. (45) Amb. 0561
Mrs. J. J. Reynolds, Vice President
5550 Kenmore Ave. (40) Longbeach 9160
Thos. A. Harrison, Sec'y-Treasurer
941 Lawrence Ave. (40) Longbeach 6878
May H. Harrison, Secretary
941 Lawrence Ave. (40) Longbeach 6878

BOARD OF TRUSTEES

C. K. Anderson — L. E. McCloy
Gordon L. Davidson — John N. Powell
Thos. A. Harrison — Mrs. J. J. Reynolds
H. B. Hunter — William M. Stickney
John F. Langhoff

COMMITTEE—Finance Committee

Mr. Thomas A. Harrison, Chairman
Mr. C. K. Anderson
John N. Powell

Auditing Committee

Mr. John F. Langhoff, Chairman
Mr. John N. Powell

Church Service Committee

John F. Langhoff, Chairman
All members of the Board assisting

Social Committee

Mrs. J. J. Reynolds, Chr'm.
Mr. Gordon L. Davidson — Mr. Karl H. Lemke
Mrs. A. S. Kredler — Mr. L. E. McCloy
Mr. John Langhoff

Membership Committee

Mr. John N. Powell, Chairman
Mrs. Frank Bryan — Mrs. A. S. Kredler
Mr. Paul Hunter — Mr. L. E. McCloy

Contributions and Pledges Committee

Mrs. May H. Harrison
Mrs. Wm. Emrich
Mrs. H. B. Hunter

Literature Table—Mrs. Frank Bryan
Mrs. Wm. Emrich

Floral Chairman—Mrs. Jacob Tolk

MUSICAL DIRECTORY

Walter Flandorf, Dir. of Music-Organist
1916 N. Lincoln Park West Mohawk 6231

SCHOOL OF RELIGIOUS EDUCATION

Robert Crosswhite, Superintendent
5729 Cornelia Ave. (34) Ave. 2955
Mrs. C. R. Swanson, Asst. Supt.
4337 N. Clarendon Ave. (15) Lak. 8708
Mrs. May H. Harrison, Treasurer
941 Lawrence Ave. (40) Lon. 0472
Miss Ingeborg Foerster, Secretary
3907 N. Greenview Ave. (13) Gra. 0350

PARENT-TEACHERS FORUM OF CHURCH SCHOOL

Earl S. Neindorf, President
1517 School St. (13) Lak. 7267
Edgar Berry, Vice-Pres.
4416 Clifton Ave. (40)
George Young, Secretary
2426 Berwyn Ave. (25)
Mrs. Edgar Berry, Treasurer
4416 Clifton Ave. (40)

CHOIR

Howard A. Wentz, II, President
Allerton Hotel (11)
Mrs. Cecilia Murphy, Sec.
Mrs. Esther Nonnenbruch, Soc. Chrmn.
Jacob Tolk, Librarian

USHER'S CLUB

Paul Hunter, President
5400 Glenwood Ave. (40) Edg. 6978
Frank A. Schleh, Vice-President
6102 Navarre Ave. New. 5381
Harold Hansen
2218 Carmen Ave. (25) Edg. 5998
Frank J. Mason, Secretary
4935 Broadway (40) Edg. 3519
James Woods, Sergeant-at-Arms
947 Lawrence Ave. (40)

WOMAN'S CLUB

Mrs. Preston Bradley, Honorary President
947 Lawrence Ave. (40) Lon. 6878
Mrs. A. S. Kredler, President
4231 N. Oakley Ave. (18) Key. 6233
Mrs. Walter A. Stehle, Vice-President
6957 N. Keating, Lincolnwood, Ill.
Tower 3533
Mrs. Wm. L. Berglund, Rec. Sec.
914 Lakeside Place (40) Rav. 4293
Miss Mabel E. Byrnes, Corr. Secretary
1252 Glenlake Ave. (40) Bri. 5308
Mrs. F. C. Klemp, Treasurer
2644 W. Cermak Rd. (8) Cra. 1441

Directors

Miss Ethel Fowler, Mrs. Frank Bryan, Mrs. H. B. Hunter, Mrs. C. M. Anderson and Mrs. Walter Flandorf

THE PROFESSIONAL AND BUSINESS WOMAN'S CLUB

Mrs. Elizabeth Porter, President
4604 Beacon St. (40) Sun. 6509
Mrs. L. E. McCloy, Vice-President
2617 Berwyn Ave. (25) Lon. 9739
Miss Mary Nordstrom, Recording Secretary
7737 W. Hortense (31) New. 7185
Miss Grace Rozanski, Corr. Secretary
1434 Thome Ave. (26) Bri. 6914
Miss Joanne Plett, Treasurer
917 Lawrence Ave. (40)

MEN'S CLUB

L. E. McCloy, President
2617 Berwyn Ave. (25) Lon. 9739
Harry H. Perry, Vice-President
919 Judson Ave., Evanston Gre. 6229
Harold Hansen, Secretary
2218 Carmen Ave. (25) Edg. 5998
William Emrich, Treasurer
949 Lawrence Ave. (40) Ard. 0983

THE UPTOWN PLAYERS

J. Bradley-Griffin, Director
Studios, 1149 N. LaSalle St.
(Temp. Phone—Sup. 0909)

PRESTON BRADLEY AUXILIARY

Miss Ruth Kruskopf, President
5130 N. Bernard St. (25) Jun. 3229
Miss Esther Nordstrom, V.Pres.
7737 W. Hortense St. (31) New. 7185
Miss Dollie Kolberg, Sec.-Treas.
4340 N. Wolcott Ave. (13) Gra. 4793

GIRL SCOUT TROOP NO. 187

Miss Betty Boaz, Leader
7637 N. Greenview Ave. (26) Rog. 5742

CHANNING CLUB

Albert Peters, President
4656 Kenmore Ave.
Lenore Xidis, Vice-President
903 Sunnyside Ave.
Joan Pink, Corr. Sec.
4608 Hazel Ave. Ard. 1482
Jeannine Sparks, Rec. Sec.
852 Lakeside Pl. Sun. 9888
Wayne Gunderson, Treas.
5041 N. Menard Ave. Aus. 5445

ANNOUNCEMENT!

☆ NEW EDITIONS OF DR. BRADLEY'S BOOKS NOW ON SALE EVERYWHERE

"MY DAILY STRENGTH" AND "MEDITATIONS"

These two handy-size volumes contain page after page of the inspiring messages of Dr. Preston Bradley, just as they were spoken from the pulpit of The Peoples Church of Chicago. Here are help and comfort for the sick in body and spirit, courage for the fearful, hope for the hopeless. Through the fog and darkness of the troubled world, these simple, soul-refreshing messages stand like steadfast beacons lighting "the highway to the stars."

MEDITATIONS and MY DAILY STRENGTH have clear, easy-to-read type and a handsome format. Their size is convenient for carrying in one's pocket. They are ideal for presents and remembrances for every gift-giving occasion.

Send your orders to the church office, 941 Lawrence Avenue, Chicago 40, Ill. Price, each $2.00.

• • • • •

Also Available at The Peoples Church
941 Lawrence Avenue
Chicago 40, Illinois

Dr. Bradley's Books

"MASTERING FEAR" $1.50

"NEW WEALTH FOR YOU" $1.00

Other Books by Dr. Bradley

"Courage For Today"

"Life and You"

"Power From Right Thinking"